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A GUIDE

TO THE

EXHIBITION

OF THE

✓ *Academies &*
ROYAL ACADEMY,

FOR 1797;

CONTAINING

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL FACTS,

ILLUSTRATING

THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES IN THE PRESENT EXHIBITION;

TOGETHER WITH

THE NAMES OF ALL THE PORTRAITS.

PART I.

LONDON:

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1797.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of this Guide to the present exhibition, begs to inform the visitors, that it has not been his intention to enter into critiques on the merits of the works of the different artists; but merely, by placing before them the Historical and Biographical Facts from which the principal Pictures are taken, to enable every one to form a just and accurate judgment for themselves. He trusts it will be found a convenience, even to Persons of the most extensive reading, as it may recall particulars which have, in some degree, escaped their memories: and as Historical Pictures are, or ought to be, representations of Historical Facts, the connoisseur will be the easier able to estimate how near the Painter has kept to the truth of History. To those visitors whose time may not have been spent in the acquirement of extensive Historical Knowledge, the Guide will be more particularly useful, by enabling them to comprehend what they see represented on the canvas; and thus adding intellectual acquirement to the pleasure of contemplating the productions of the Fine Arts.

* * * *The passages in Italics relate to the particular point of time chosen by the Artist in each Picture.*

A GUIDE, &c.

2. *From Gay's Fables.* J. Graham.

THE first of Gay's Fables affords the subject for this Painting :

*" A Tyger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way ;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies ;
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood ;
'Till vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length."*

The generosity of the king of the forest, and the ferocity of the tyger, are admirably expressed.

48. *Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph.* J. Northcote, R. A.

THE extreme age and dimness of sight of Jacob are in this Picture well expressed ; but the figure of Joseph in the back ground has not that expression which we think the passage in the 48th Chapter of Genesis requires. His countenance has too much apparent cunning, and not enough of that gratitude which must fill his heart on having his children blest by a dying father.

The passage itself will enable every one to judge for himself.

Verse 8. " And Israel beheld Joseph's sons, and said, Who are these ?

9. And Joseph said unto his father, They are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. And he said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them.

10. Now the eyes of Israel were dim for age, so that he could not see. And he brought them near unto him ; and he kissed them, and embraced them."

58. *Sin and Death passing through the Constellations.* H. Howard.

AFTER man's transgression, Sin and Death feeling the success of Satan in the new world, follow him up to the place of man. After mutual gratulation, Satan dispatches them——

———" on the earth
Dominion to exercise and in the air.

* * * * *

*" So saying he dismiss'd them ; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane : the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd."*

82. *Boreas and Orythia.* H. Howard.

THIS is certainly a very exquisite little picture; there is great delicacy and truth in the figure of Orythia, and Boreas is admirably personified:—he is, indeed, rough as the northern blast.

The Story is in the Sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

“ For Orythia Boreas suffer'd pain,
For the coy maid sued long, but sued in vain:

“ But when he found his soothing flatt'ries fail,
Nor saw his soft addresses could avail;
Blust'ring with ire, he quickly has recourse
To rougher arts, and his own native force.

“ Boreas, in passion, spoke these huffing things,
And, as he spoke, he shook his dreadful wings;
At which, afar, the shiv'ring sea was fann'd,
And the wide surface of the distant land:
His dusty mantle o'er the hills he drew,
And swept the lowly vallies as he flew;
Then with his yellow wings embrac'd the maid,
And, wrapt in dusky clouds, far off conveyed.”

CROXALL'S TRANSLATION.

86. *Countess Dolorado discovering the cause of her grief to Don Quixote.*

B. Smirke, R. A.

THE Duenna *Dolorado*, or as she is called in Smollet's Translation of *Quixote*, *Trifaldi*, having related to Don Quixote the arts practised on herself and her companions by the giant Malambuno, proceeds to give an account of the wonderful enchantment by which beards were produced on all their chins.

“ So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, *lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards*, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at sight of which, the duke and duchess were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment.”

Mr. Smirke has been long established as the first comic painter of the day; and the present picture reflects great credit on his talents. The countenances of the Countess Dolorado, the Knight, and Sancho, are admirable; and must bring a smile on the countenance of every spectator who has any thing risible in his composition.

125. *From the Pilgrim's Progress.* T. Stothard, R. A.

THIS picture, we believe, is painted for an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* now publishing: the subject is from the second part, where Christiana and her children arrive at the desired place.

“ About Christiana's neck the shepherd put a bracelet; and so they did about the heads of her four daughters; also they put ear-rings in their ears, and jewels on their forehead.”

138. *Sancho's audience with the Duchess.* R. Smirke, R. A.

DON QUIXOTE and his Squire Sancho being received and entertained by the Duke, the Duchess requests the latter to forego his usual *siesta*, or nap, and pass the evening in her apartment.

"The history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the Duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the Squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused: but her Grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as a squire, for in both capacities, he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

"Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention."

146. *King David instructing Solomon.* J. Graham.

IN this Picture David instructs as a sage and a father, and Solomon receives his instructions as a Child of Wisdom.

Proverbs, Ch. iv. ver. 4. "Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding."

151. *Dream of Telemachus on his Voyage to Cyprus.* J. F. Rigaud.

THE subject of this Picture is from the fourth Book of Telemachus. The immediate passage on which it is founded is as follows:

"While I thus kept silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me; my senses were all locked up and suspended; a delightful quiet took possession of my heart. In a moment I thought I saw Venus cleaving the clouds, and descending through the air in her chariot, drawn by two turtle doves. She appeared to me with all that superlative beauty, that blooming youth, those tender graces, that adorned her when she sprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himself. She seemed to come with a rapid flight close up to me, when laying her hand, with a smile, upon my shoulder, and calling me by name, she thus addressed me: 'Young Greek, you are now bound for my empire, and will soon arrive in that happy island, the native seat of pleasure, mirth, and frolic. There you shall burn incense upon my altars, and there shall you swim in a sea of delights. Open your heart to the most flattering hopes, and beware of resisting the most powerful of all the goddesses, who is disposed to make you happy.' At the same time I perceived the boy Cupid, flapping his wings, and fluttering about his mother. Although his countenance exhibited the tenderness, the sprightliness, and graces of childhood, yet there was in his piercing eyes something that frightened me, which I cannot describe. He laughed when he looked at me; but his laughter was malicious, scornful, and cruel. From his golden quiver he drew the sharpest of his arrows, bent his bow, and was going to let fly at me, when all of a sudden Minerva appeared and covered me with her *egis*. In the face of that goddess there was nothing of that effeminate beauty, or that amorous languishment, which I had remarked in the air and attitude of Venus. On the contrary, her beauty was modest, negligent, unaffected; her whole demeanour was noble, grave, stately, spirited, and majestic. Cupid's arrow was not able to penetrate the *egis*, but dropped upon the ground; at which he was so enraged, that he wept bitterly."

THE following relation of this celebrated event, which produced the extinction of the Decemviral power in Rome, is extracted from Vertot's History of the Revolutions of the Roman Republic.

“ Appius Claudius, who had brought into his own single person the authority of all the magistrates, used to administer justice in the Forum. As he was one day in his tribunal, he saw passing by a young woman of uncommon beauty, of about fifteen years of age, going with her nurse to the public schools: her charms, and the blooming graces of youth, immediately drew his attention. He could not help beholding her with a secret pleasure: his curiosity increased the next day; he thought her more lovely than before. And as the young creature went every day thro' the Forum, he, by degrees, conceived a violent passion for her, which in the end proved equally fatal to himself and her too. He had taken care, the very first day he saw her, to enquire out her name and family. He was informed that she was by birth a Plebeian; that her name was Virginia; that she had lost her mother, who was called Numitoria; that her father Virginius then served as Centurion in the army of F. Vibulanus, the Decemvir; and that Virginius had promised his daughter to Icilius, who had been Tribune of the People, and who was to marry her at the end of the campaign.

“ This account, so perplexing for Appius's love, only served to encrease it. He would readily have married Virginia himself; but besides that he had a wife already, he had not forgot that the last laws of the twelve tables, of which he was the chief framer, prohibited all alliances between Patricians and Plebeians; and he had no room to hope for the accomplishment of his guilty wishes, but by the scandalous means of debauching the young lady.

“ The innocence and modesty of Virginia hindered him from opening his dishonest purpose directly to herself. He thought it more proper to begin the work by means of one of those women of intrigue, who make a private market of the beauty and charms of youth. He loaded her with favours, and after having let her into his desires, he ordered her not to name him, and to speak of him no otherwise than as a man of one of the best families in the city, and that had an absolute authority in the Commonwealth. This woman, by his directions, applied herself to Virginia's nurse. She made an acquaintance with her, tried to insinuate herself into her confidence, and, after great preparations back'd with noble presents, and promises yet more glorious, the wicked wretch discovered to her the subject of her errand. But the nurse, equally prudent and faithful, rejected with horror both her gifts and her proposals. Appius learned with grief that it was equally impossible either to deceive or corrupt her. That Magistrate, furious and obstinate in his passions, was, however, not disheartened: he had recourse to another artifice, and laid a most detestable scheme, which, if it succeeded, would put Virginia wholly in his power.

“ He intrusted the chief part of it to a client of his, named M. Claudius, a man without shame or fear, and one of those that introduce themselves to the ear of the great, only by a base complaisance for their pleasures. This minister of the Decemvir's passion entered the public school where Virginia was, took her by the hand, and was dragging her by force to his own house, pretending she was the daughter of one of his slaves; and it was the custom, that the children of slaves were slaves themselves to the masters of their father and mother. The young lady, overwhelmed with confusion, defended herself only by her tears; but the people moved at the cries of her nurse, ran to her assistance, and hindered Claudius from carrying her away. The impudent villain immediately implored the assistance of the laws; he said, he did not mean to use any violence; but that he thought a master might seize his slave wherever he found her, and called those who opposed the justice of his pretensions, to appear with him immediately before the Decemvir; and with this he led the young Virginia to his tribunal. All the people followed her, some out of curio-

sity to see the issue of so strange a business, and others out of affection to Icilius, who, during his tribunate, had made himself very acceptable to the multitude. Numitorius, Virginia's uncle, having notice of what was doing, presently hastened to her assistance, together with him to whom she was betrothed. Claudius laid open his claim before a judge that was himself the author of the villainy. He said, the girl was born in his house; that she was privately stolen away by a slave that was her mother, and who, to conceal her theft, had pretended to be delivered of a dead child: but that it had since been discovered, that she had sold this girl to Virginius's wife, who was barren, and who being uneasy at having no child, had made her pass for her daughter: that he was ready to produce undeniable testimonies of what he advanced; but that in the mean while, till the contest was decided, it was but just that the slave should go with her master, and that he would give good security for her appearance again, if Virginius, at his return, still pretended to be her real father.

“Numitorius presently saw that there was somebody much more powerful at the bottom of this contrivance: but he prudently concealed his suspicions, and represented to the Decemvir, with a great deal of calmness, that his niece's father was absent in the service of his country; that it was very unjust to dispute a citizen's right to his very children, when he was not present to assert it; that he asked a respite but of two days to fetch him from the army; that till his return he would keep Virginia in his own house. That this care belonged to him as being her uncle; that he would give any security whatsoever for producing her again; but that it was not reasonable to trust the daughter of Virginius in the house of such a one as Claudius, where her honour would be more in danger even than her liberty. He added, that what he demanded was conformable to the laws, which ordained, that in a law-suit, before a definitive sentence, the plaintiff should not disturb the defendant in his possession.

“The whole assembly approved the justice of this request, and Claudius, feigning to admit, though unwillingly, of this delay, requested, at least, that security might be given for producing Virginia on the morrow. The people all around immediately held up their hands, and every man offered eagerly to become security.

“Virginius appeared next day in the Forum, pierced to the heart with grief, and leading in his hand his daughter, all drowned in tears. She was accompanied by her kinswomen, who asked the people, in the most melting terms, whether it was fit, that while so good a citizen ventured his life for the defence of his country, his children should be exposed to more barbarous insults than if the city had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Virginius used almost the same expressions to all he met, and conjured them to take his daughter into their protection. Icilius, quite furious with love and resentment, inveighed loudly against Appius's lust. But the tears of Virginia, her youth, her innocence, her beauty, moved the multitude more than all the complaints and intreaties of her family.

“After affecting to hear both parties, Appius at length decreed, that the plaintiff Claudius should take home Virginia as his slave. Virginius, provoked to the highest pitch at so unjust a sentence, no longer kept any measures with the Decemvir. He made known to the whole assembly, that he himself was the contriver of the imposture, which his client acted; and addressing his speech to him, ‘Know, Appius,’ said he, ‘I did not educate my daughter to prostitute her to thy infamous pleasures; I gave her to Icilius, and not to thee: couldst thou imagine the Romans would suffer their wives and daughters to be taken from them to satisfy the lewd passions of a tyrant?’

“The multitude, at hearing this, raised a thousand clamours full of indignation. Appius, almost mad to see his crime discovered, commanded the soldiers, that surrounded his tribunal, to drive away the people. ‘And you,’ said he, turning to one of his Lictors, ‘force a passage through the crowd, and make way for a master to lay hold of his slave.’

"The people, who always fear those that do not fear them, finding themselves attacked by Appius's soldiers, disperse, retire, and, as it were, deliver up Virginius's daughter to the Decemvir's passion. Then that unhappy father, who sees with despair that innocence is going to be oppressed with an unjust power, desires of the Magistrate, that before Claudius carries away his daughter, he may at least be allowed to talk a moment to her in private with her nurse; 'To the intent,' said he, 'that if I can discover some token that I am not her father, I may return to the camp with less grief and concern.'

"Appius readily granted him this request, upon condition, however, that it should be in Claudius's sight, and without stirring out of the forum. Virginius, pierced to the heart with the sharpest affliction, takes his daughter, half dead, in his arms; he wipes away the tears in which her face was all bathed, embraces her, and drawing her near to some shops which were on the side of the Forum, *chance directed him to a butcher's knife: he takes it, and speaking to Virginia; 'My dear child,' said he, 'this is the only way to save thy honour and thy liberty.' With these words he plunges the knife into her heart, and, drawing it out again all smoking with the blood of his daughter, 'It is with this innocent blood,' cried he to Appius, 'that I devote thy head to the infernal Gods.'* What people were left in the Forum run to this dismal sight, utter loud shrieks, and detest the Decemvir's tyranny, which had reduced a father to so cruel a necessity. Appius, from his tribunal, calls out in the greatest fury, that they should seize Virginius. But he opens himself a passage with the knife which he had in his hand; and being favoured by the multitude, gets to the city gate, and went directly to the camp with part of his friends and relations, who would not leave him in so great a misfortune."

164. *Phaeton.* J. F. Rigaud, R. A.

THE subject of this picture is to be found in the second Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.—Phaeton having rashly asked from his father Jupiter the guidance of the chariot of the sun for one day, obtains his request, and begins his journey.

"Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
And all the host of Heav'n before him lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea the unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.
* * * * *
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread."

*His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight;
 And his eyes darken'd by two great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
 His birth obscure, and his request denied:
 Now would he Merops for his father own,
 And quit his boasted kindred to the sun."*

ADDISON'S TRANSLATION OF OVID'S METAM.

170. *Satan calling his Legions.* T. Lawrence, R. A.

MR. LAWRENCE has been hitherto chiefly known as a Portrait Painter; he has, however, in this picture, soared into the higher branch of the Art with the greatest success. The figure of Satan is truly sublime; and that of the attendant fiend Beelzebub is all that the mind of the Poet framed. Perhaps somewhat less of distortion in the countenance of the arch fiend would have been more according to Milton's description of him. Upon the whole, this performance must place Mr. Lawrence among the first artists of the English School. An extract from *Paradise Lost* will enable the visitors of the Exhibition to judge how far the Painter has embodied the Poet's idea.

"He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
 Was moving tow'ard the shore; *his pond'rous shield,*
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle,——

* * * * *

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded. 'Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

MILTON.

174. *The Fairy Gallant. From Marmontel. J. Graham.*

BY an error of the Press, this Picture in the Catalogue is called the 'Fairy Garland.' It is taken from the story of the 'Sylph Husband,' in the third volume of Marmontel's Tales.

179. *From Pope's Rape of the Lock. J. Graham.*

THE subject of this Picture is to be found in Pope's Rape of the Lock, Canto I.

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the prest watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say"——

This Picture and No. 174 were painted, for Mr. Cawthorn, of the British Library, No. 132. Strand, who intends to publish Engravings from them.

214. *Commodore Nelson in the Captain, boarding and taking the San Nicolas and San Josef. R. Clevely.*

THE following relation of this circumstance, one of the most splendid in the naval history of this country, is extracted from the journal of an officer belonging to the Captain. *Vide SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE* for March 1797.

———"the San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board her, and the Excellent passing on for the Santissima Trinidad, the Captain resumed her station abreast of them, and close alongside.

"At this time, the Captain having lost her foremast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of farther service in the line, or in chace, the Commodore directed Captain Millar to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board. The soldiers of the 69th regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service: The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late Commodore Nelson's first lieutenant (Captain Millar was in the very act of going, but Commodore Nelson ordered him to remain;) he was supported from the spritsail-yard, which hooked in the mizen top-rigging of the enemy. A soldier of the 69th regiment having broke the upper quarter gallery window, jumped in, followed by the Commodore and others, as fast as possible. We found the cabin-door fastened, and some Spanish officers fired in their pistols; but having broke open the door, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Brigadier (commanding with a distinguishing pendant) fell, as retreating to the quarter deck, on the larboard side, near the wheel. Having pushed on the quar-

ter-deck, the Commodore found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. He passed with his people, and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the fore-castle, where he met two or three Spanish officers prisoners to the seamen, and they delivered him their swords."

217. *From the Mysteries of Udolpho.* H. Singleton.

THIS picture is from the well-known Romance of Mrs. Radcliffe. The immediate passage is in the second volume.

"They are coming! cried Madame Montoni—I hear their steps—they are at the door!

"Emily turned her languid eyes to the door, but terror deprived her of utterance. The key sounded in the lock; the door opened, and Montoni appeared, followed by three ruffian-like men. "Execute your orders," said he, turning to them, and pointing to his wife, who shrieked, but was immediately carried from the room; while Emily sunk, senseless, on a couch, by which she had endeavoured to support herself. When she recovered, she was alone, and recollected only, that Madame Montoni had been there, together with some unconnected particulars of the preceding transaction, which were, however, sufficient to renew all her terror. She looked wildly round the apartment, as if in search of some means of intelligence, concerning her aunt, while neither her own danger, or an idea of escaping from the room, immediately occurred."

243. *The Coronation of Henry VI. at Paris.*

IN 1430, the Regent Bedford, in order to revive the declining affairs of the English in France, had Henry VI. then only nine years of age, crowned King at Paris, "knowing that the natives would be allured to obedience by the splendour of the ceremony. Henry was accordingly crowned, all the vassals that still continued under the English power swearing fealty and homage. But it was now too late for the ceremonies of a coronation to give a turn to the affairs of the English; the generality of the kingdom had declared against them; and the remainder only waited a convenient opportunity to follow the example."

GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOL. III. C. XIX.

245. *Lavinia.* C. Cranmer.

THE following passage, from Thomson's Autumn, will enable us to judge how far the Painter has represented the Lavinia of the Poet:

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed:
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."

247. *Cicero, with the Magistrates of Syracuse, discovers the Tomb of Archimedes, an
 Historical Picture.* B. West, P. R. A.

WHILE Cicero was Questor of Sicily, curiosity, and his veneration for the memory of a great man, induced him to seek out the tomb of the famous mathematician Archimedes, which, he had heard, was to be found near the City of Syracuse. We subjoin Cicero's own relation of the fact, with a translation.

"Ex eadem urbe humilem homunculum a pulvere et radio excitabo, qui multis annis post fuit, Archimedes. Cujus ego questor ignoratum ab Syracusanis, cum esse omnino negarent, septum undique et vestitum *vepribus et dumetis* indagavi sepulcrum, tenebam enim quosdam senarios, quos in ejus monumento esse inscriptos acceperam; qui declarabant, in summo sepulcro *sphaeram esse positam cum cylindro*. Ego autem, cum omnia collustrarem oculis (est enim ad portas Agragianas magna frequentia sepulcrorum) animadverti columellam *non multum e dumis eminentem*; in qua *inerat sphaera figura, et cylindri*. Atque ego statim Syracusanis (erant autem principes mecum) dixi, me illud ipsum arbitrari esse, quod quaererem. Immissi cum falcibus multi purgarunt et aperuerunt locum. Quo cum patefactus esset aditus, ad adversam basim accessimus. Apparebat epigramma *exesis posterioribus partibus versiculorum*, dimidatis fere. Ita nobilissima Græciæ civitas, quondam vero etiam doctissima, sui civis, unius acutissimi, monumentum ignorasset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset."

TUSCUL. QUÆST. LIB. V.

"I will now recall the memory of Archimedes, a man who existed many years after Dionysius. During the period of my Questorship, I sought for his tomb, which was entirely covered and obscured by bushes and brambles, and of the existence of which the inhabitants of Syracuse were altogether ignorant. I was already, indeed, in possession of some verses, which, I understood, were inscribed on the tomb, and which stated, that a sphere and a cylinder were placed on its top.—After having looked round with great attention (for at the Agragian gate of the city there is a vast number of tombs) I at length discovered a small column just appearing above the bushes, on which were the figures of a sphere and a cylinder. Upon which I immediately said to some of the Nobles of Syracuse who accompanied me, that I thought I had found what I sought for; and some persons having, with bill-hooks, opened a way to it, we approached the opposite base of it, where there appeared an in-

scription, nearly the half of each line of which were worn out. Thus, the most noble of the cities of Greece, and once the most learned, would have remained ignorant of the monument of one of the most intelligent and learned of its citizens, had it not been discovered by the man of Arpinum."

A slight view of this Picture will show, that Mr. West is not at all acquainted with Cicero.—We look in vain for the inscription half worn out, and the other characteristics of the tomb of the philosopher; the bushes and brambles (*dumetis et vepribus*) which the Orator mentions, are grown into tall forest trees; and the tomb itself (*columellam vix eminentem*) is from fifteen to twenty feet high.

257. *Murder of Archbishop Sharpe.* J. Opie, R. A.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, one Sharpe was appointed by the Presbyterians in Scotland Commissioner for managing their affairs with the King; but, being a very corrupt man, he was induced to forsake their interests, upon being created Archbishop of St. Andrews. In this situation he exercised so many cruelties against the Non-conformists, that they at length determined to destroy him. The circumstances of his murder are thus related by Hume:

"The Covenanters were much enraged against Sharpe the Primate, whom they considered as an apostate from their principles, and whom they experienced to be an unrelenting persecutor of all those who dissented from the established worship. He had an officer under him, one Carmichael, no less zealous than himself against conventicles, and who, by his violent prosecutions, had rendered himself extremely obnoxious to the fanatics. A company of these had way-laid him on the road near St. Andrews, with an intention, if not of killing him, at least of chastising him so severely as would afterwards render him more cautious in persecuting the Non-conformists. While looking out for their prey, they were surprised at seeing the Archbishop's coach pass by; and they immediately interpreted this incident as a declaration of the secret purpose of Providence against him. But when they had observed that almost all his servants, by some accident, were absent, they no longer doubted but Heaven had here delivered their capital enemy into their hands. Without farther deliberation, *they fell upon him, dragged him from his coach, tore him from the arms of his daughter, who interposed with cries and tears; and piercing him with redoubled wounds, left him dead on the spot, and immediately dispersed themselves.*"

298. *Rape of Proserpine.* Borrekens.

The story of the rape of Proserpine is from the fifth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

"Here, while young Proserpine, among the maids,
Diverts herself in these delicious shades;
While like a child, with busy speed and care,
She gathers lilies here, and violets there;
While first, to fill her little lap she strives,
Hell's grizzly Monarch at the shade arrives,
Sees her thus sporting on the flow'ry green,
And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen.
His urgent flame, impatient of delay,
Swift as his thought he seiz'd the beauteous prey,
And bore her in his sooty car away.
The frightened goddess to her mother cries;
But all in vain, for now far off she flies;
Far she behind her leaves her virgin train,
To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.

*And, while with passion she repeats her call,
The violets from her lap, and lilies fall:
She misses them, poor heart! and makes new moan;
Her lilies, ah! are lost—her violets gone."*

MAYNEWAIRING'S TRANSLATION.

309. *Diomed, assisted by Pallas, kills Pandarus.* S. Rigaud.

THE Iliad has at all times afforded subjects to Painters; the present picture, though not among the first in the Exhibition, deserves some praise. The passage in Homer, from which it is taken, is in the fifth Book.

"Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycam's warlike race begun.

"Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

"He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung;

On his broad shield the sounding weapon rang,

Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.

He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)

Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!

"Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:

Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,

With hostile blood shall glut the God of war.

"He spoke, and rising, hurl'd his forceful dart,

Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;

Full in his face it enter'd; and betwixt

The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;

Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,

'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.

Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;

Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;

The starting coursers tremble with affright;

The soul indignant seeks the realms of night."

312. *Edward the IV. on a visit to the Dutchess of Bedford, is enamoured of Lady Elizabeth Gray.* J. Bowman, A.

THE circumstance of the marriage of Edward the IVth to Lady Jane Gray, is thus related by Hume:

"Jaqueline of Luxembourg; Dutchess of Bedford, had, after her husband's death, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused, in second marriage, Sir Richard Woodeville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and among the rest, Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had children; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow retired to live with her father, at his seat of Grafton in Northamptonshire. The king came accidentally to the house after a hunting party, in

order to pay a visit to the Dutchess of Bedford; and as the occasion seemed favourable for obtaining some grace from this gallant monarch, the young widow flung herself at his feet, and with many tears entreated him to take pity on her impoverished and distressed children. The sight of so much beauty in affliction strongly affected the amorous Edward; love stole insensibly into his heart under the guise of compassion; and her sorrow, so becoming a virtuous matron, made his esteem and regard quickly correspond to his affection. He raised her from the ground with assurances of favour; he found his passion increase every moment by the conversation of the amiable object; and he was soon reduced, in his turn, to the posture and style of a suppliant at the feet of Elizabeth. But the lady, either averse to dishonourable love from a sense of duty, or perceiving that the impression which she had made, was so deep as to give her hopes of obtaining the highest elevation, obstinately refused to gratify his passion; and all the endearments, caresses, and importunities of the young and amiable Edward proved fruitless against her rigid and inflexible virtue. His passion, irritated by opposition, and increased by his veneration for such honourable sentiments, carried him at last beyond all bounds of reason; and he offered to share his throne, as well as his heart, with the woman, whose beauty of person and dignity of character seemed so well to entitle her to both."

320. Glencoe. W. Bromley.

THE massacre of Glencoe is, perhaps, one of the most disgraceful, and yet the most mysterious events in the English history. The circumstance which affords the subject of the present picture is related in Smollet's Continuation of the History of England, as follows:

"In the month of February Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends, and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicion to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity: nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood, but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise the father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight-and-thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes; so that one hundred

and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste, before they could receive the least comfort or assistance."

SMOLLET'S CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOL. I.

346. *Taken from an Elegy.* R. Corbould.

THE elegant pen of Charlotte Smith has afforded the Artist an opportunity of producing a very pleasing Picture. The story of the Elegy from which it is taken is thus related in the Notes to Mrs. Smith's Sonnets.

"This elegy is written on the supposition that an indigent young woman had been addressed by the son of a wealthy yeoman, who, resenting his attachment, had driven him from home, and compelled him to have recourse for subsistence to the occupation of a pilot, in which, in attempting to save a vessel in distress, he perished.

"The father dying, a tomb is supposed to be erected to his memory in the church-yard, mentioned in Sonnet the 44th. And while a tempest is gathering, the unfortunate young woman comes thither; and courting the same death as had robbed her of her lover, she awaits its violence, and is at length overwhelmed by the waves."

The last stanza but one of the elegy immediately relates to the point of time the Painter has chosen:

"Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul!
Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail!"

356. *Rape of Europa.* Borrekens.

JUPITER being enamour'd of Europa, the daughter of Agenor, transforms himself into a bull, and awaits her in the meadows.

"Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.

* * * * *
"Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows seated on the God.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize."

ADDISON'S TRANSLATION OF OVID'S METAM. B. II.

PORTRAITS.

PRINCIPAL ROOM.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 Mrs. Echstein, and daughters, <i>J. Echstein.</i> | 150 The Earl of Cardigan, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> |
| 5 Mrs. Oakley, <i>J. Rising.</i> | 165 Miss Leake, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> |
| 6 Mrs. Shee, the wife of the artist, <i>M. Shee.</i> | 166 Mrs. Siddons, <i>T. Lawrence, R. A.</i> |
| 13 The Miss Leafs, <i>W. Owen.</i> | 167 Lady Oxford, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> |
| 24 Miss Bush, <i>E. Edwards, A.</i> | 168 Master Sangster, <i>W. Owen.</i> |
| 25 Lord St. Helens, <i>C. Smith.</i> | 169 Colonel Matthews, who commanded the forlorn hope at the attack upon Nieupoort, <i>Drummond.</i> |
| 27 Miss Wallis, of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, <i>M. Shee.</i> | 177 Master Coleman, <i>W. Hamilton, R. A.</i> |
| 28 The Earl of Uxbridge, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> | 188 Mr. Kemble, <i>T. Lawrence, R. A.</i> |
| 42 Mrs. Williamson, <i>Drummond.</i> | 189 Sons of Mr. West, the President, <i>B. West, R. A.</i> |
| 43 Mr. Bromley, Engraver, <i>do.</i> | 190 Mrs. Sheridan, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> |
| 46 Mrs. Plowden, and children, <i>J. Russel, R. A.</i> | 191 Master Howes, <i>W. Owen.</i> |
| 47 Hon. Mr. Fortescue, <i>S. Woodforde.</i> | 192 Mr. Clarke, B. A. of Exeter College, Oxford, and Brother of the Artist, <i>T. Clarke.</i> |
| 57 Viscountess Cremorne, <i>T. Clarke.</i> | 195 Mr. Ashby, <i>J. Rising.</i> |
| 61 Mr. Bailey, <i>S. Hewson.</i> | 196 Master Hatch, as Marshall's attendant at the Montem, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> |
| 62 Mr. Allen, a North American Gentleman, <i>T. Clarke.</i> | 199 Mr. Bennet, of Woodstock, <i>J. Fairbone.</i> |
| 65 Mr. Osborne, <i>J. F. Rigaud, R. A.</i> | 203 Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, <i>G. F. Joseph.</i> |
| 73 Princess Amelia, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> | 205 Rev. Mr. Preston, <i>B. West, R. A.</i> |
| 74 Lord Exeter and Family, <i>T. Lawrence, R. A.</i> | 206 The Bishop of Salisbury, <i>W. Muller.</i> |
| 75 Mrs. Amelia Noel, the artist, <i>M. Brown.</i> | 207 Lord Berkeley and Son, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> |
| 78 Mr. Carr, <i>M. Shee.</i> | 208 Mr. Thomas, of Epsom, <i>R. K. Porter.</i> |
| 79 The Duke of Bedford, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> | 211 Dr. Underwood, <i>J. J. Masquerier.</i> |
| 80 Princess Augusta, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> | 213 A Brother of Mr. Shee, the Artist, <i>M. Shee.</i> |
| 83 Mrs. Goodman, <i>T. Goodman.</i> | 221 Mr. Northcote, R. A. <i>H. Singleton.</i> |
| 91 The Prince of Wales, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> | 222 Mr. T. Sandby, R. A. Professor in Architecture, <i>Do.</i> |
| 92 Her Majesty, <i>Do.</i> | 233 Dr. Dennett, <i>J. Northcote, R. A.</i> |
| 94 Mr. Walker, the Philosophical Lecturer, <i>H. Howard.</i> | 237 Mrs. Charles Locke, <i>T. Lawrence, R. A.</i> |
| 96 The Earl of Carlisle, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> | 239 E. Wetenhall, junior, Esq. <i>J. N. Sartorius.</i> |
| 106 Princess Mary, <i>W. Beechey, A.</i> | 240 Mrs. Rising and son, <i>H. Ashby.</i> |
| 107 Princess Elizabeth, <i>Do.</i> | 246 Earl Spencer, <i>D. Pellegrini.</i> |
| 117 Lord Abingdon and Family, <i>J. F. Rigaud, R. A.</i> | 248 Mr. Caslon, [N. B. Mr. Gooch the painter of this Picture is doing by subscription a Series of Pictures on the different characters of Horses and dogs.] |
| 118 Mrs. Parker, <i>G. Smith.</i> | 249 Mr. Robinson, <i>R. K. Porter.</i> |
| 119 Mr. Oakley, <i>J. Rising.</i> | 253 Mr. Rising and son, <i>H. Ashby.</i> |
| 120 Mrs. Howes, <i>W. Owen.</i> | 256 Miss Morris, of Swansea, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> |
| 122 Mr. Pope, of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, <i>M. Shee.</i> | 259 Hon Mrs. Fortescue, <i>S. Woodforde.</i> |
| 144 Mr. White, <i>J. Frearson.</i> | |
| 145 Captain Champion and Dogs, <i>J. N. Sartorius.</i> | |
| 148 Lord Inchiquin, <i>T. Lawrence, R. A.</i> | |
| 149 Lord Middlesex, Lady Mary, and Lady Elizabeth Sackville, children of the Duke of Dorset, <i>J. Hoppner, R. A.</i> | |

PRINCIPAL ROOM (*continued*)

- | | | | |
|---|---------------|--|---------------|
| 272 The Bailiff at Woolmer Park, Herts, and a Cottager from life, | G. Garrard. | 281 Mr. Flaxman, the Sculptor, | H. Howard. |
| 274 Mr. O. Humphry, R. A. | H. Singleton. | 283 Mr. Carter, | H. de Bruin. |
| 275 Mr. Cosway, R. A. | H. Singleton. | 284 Mrs. Medley, | S. Medley. |
| 276 Mr. Zoffanii, R. A. | Do. | 286 Mrs. Hugh Hoare and son, | J. Woodforde. |
| 277 Mr. R. Palmer, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, | S. De Wilde. | 288 Mr. Suett, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, | S. De Wilde. |
| | | 289 Mrs. Orford, | H. Ashb |

ANTI-ROOM.

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------|---|---------------|
| 293 Miss Power, | M. Shee. | 342 The Miss Grunckerlys, | Drummond. |
| 295 Sir John Wodehouse, | W. Beechey, A. | 344 Mr. Kemble, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, in Coriolanus, Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A. | |
| 297 Captain Hunt, | J. Northcote, R. A. | 347 Mr. Green, of Newman-street, the Artist. | |
| 300 Mrs. Caldwell, wife of the Admiral, and her son, | J. Hoppner, R. A. | 351 John Frederick de Barres, Esq. Lieut. Governor of Cape Breton, Col. of the 60th Regiment; Deputy of the Grand Corps of Engineers. | Drummond. |
| 305 Mr. Morris, | J. Hoppner, R. A. | 354 Mr. Fawcett, of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, as Touchstone, | M. Shee. |
| 311 Mrs. Floyer, of Portland Place: an exquisite likeness, | J. J. Masquerier, | 355 Mr. Cane, | H. Howard. |
| 322 Miss Taylor, | S. Woodforde. | 359 Mr. and Mrs. Beugo, | R. K. Porter. |
| 329 Mr. Fawcett, of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, as Frank Oakland, in a Cure for the Heart-Ache, | S. De Wilde. | 362 Mr. Anbury, | M. Shee. |
| 335 Colonel Roach, | H. Singleton. | 364 This Picture is the property of General Stewart. | |
| 338 Henry Smith, Esq. the Banker, and his Family, | E. Edwards. A. | | |

N. B. The numbers in this List will be found to vary from the Catalogue; but there are some inaccuracies in the Catalogue, and the accuracy of this List may be relied on.

GUIDE

TO THE PRESENT

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PART II.

* * * *The Explanations of the following Historical Pictures, in the Principal and Anti-Rooms, were unavoidably omitted in the First Part.*

261. *Celadon and his Amelia.* J. Downman, A.

THE passage in Thomson's Seasons leads us to expect the Lover standing in fix'd anguish over the dead corpse of his mistress *struck to the earth*; Mr. Downman has, however, taken some liberty with the Poet, and placed Amelia in the arms of her Celadon. But the whole effect of the picture is so beautiful, that we can easily pardon the Painter for having indulged his fancy and wandered, in some degree, from his original.

Pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

HORACE.

We extract the passage from Thomson, which affords the subject of the picture:

“ So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd;
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look

On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
 "Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, bating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad."

280. *The Banquet.* C. R. Ryley.

THE charming ballad of Alonzo and Imogene, in the popular romance of the Monk, affords some fine subjects for the Painter. The following stanzas explain the present picture:

'His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
 The guests sat in silence and fear;
 At length spoke the Bride, while she trembled, 'I pray,
 Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer.'

"The Lady is silent; the stranger complies;

His vizor he slowly unclos'd;

O God! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes!

What words can express her dismay and surprise,

When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrify'd shout;

All turn'd with disgust from the scene;

The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,

And sported his eyes and his temples about,

While the spectre address'd Imogene:

Behold me, thou false one, behold me! be cry'd,

Remember Alonzo the brave!

God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,

My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,

Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,

And bear thee away to the grave."

328. *The Indefatigable and Amazon Frigates engaging Les Droits de l'Homme, a French 74 Gun Ship.* J. Curtis.

SIR EDWARD PELLEW, who commanded the Indefatigable in this action, has distinguished himself by many other gallant actions during the present war. Every Exertion in the Fine Arts, recording the celebrated naval exploits of this country, is laudable, in as much as it tends, independent of the peculiar merit of the Artist, to excite in the minds of Englishmen a desire to adventure and excell in the maritime profession, than which none can contribute more to the honour, the safety, and the prosperity of this kingdom.

The action which forms the subject of this Painting was fought on the 16th of January, in Audierne Bay. The French ship, one of the fleet which attempted the invasion of Ireland, was then returning to Brest. The following extract, relative to the action, is taken from the London Gazette.

"At fifteen minutes before six we brought the enemy to close action, which continued to be well supported on both sides near an hour, when we unavoidably shot a-head; at this moment the Amazon appeared a-stern, and gallantly supplied our place; but the eagerness of Captain Reynolds to second his friend, had brought him up under a press of sail, and, after a well supported and close fire for a little time, he also unavoidably shot a-head. The enemy, who had nearly effected running me on board, appeared to be much larger than the Indefatigable, and, from her very heavy fire of musquetry, I believe, was full of men.

"As soon as we had replaced some necessary rigging, and the Amazon had reduced all her sail, we commenced a second attack, placing ourselves, after some raking broadsides, upon each quarter; and this attack, often within pistol-shot, was by both ships unremitted for above five hours: we then sheered off to secure our masts. I believe ten hours of more severe fatigue was scarcely ever experienced; the sea was high, the people on the main deck up to their middles in water, some guns broke their breechings four times over, some drew the ring-bolts from the sides, and many of them were repeatedly drawn immediately after loading; and all our masts were much wounded, the main top-mast completely unrigged, and saved only by uncommon alacrity."

IN THE LESSER ROOMS.

379. *View of the British and Spanish Fleets commanded by Sir John Jervis, K. B.* S. Owen.

THE point of time the Artist has chosen is when the signal was made to come to the wind on the starboard tack in succession. The following is extracted from the Journal of an officer in the Fleet. *Vide SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE* for March 1797.

"At twenty-nine minutes past eleven, the signal was made, when having the weather-gage of the enemy, the Admiral meant to pass between the ships of their line, for engaging them to leeward; or being to leeward, to pass between them, for obtaining the weather-gage.

"The enemy's ships (five) in the S. E. hauled their wind again, and endeavoured to form on the starboard tack.

"Thirty-four minutes past eleven, the signal to come to the wind on the starboard tack in succession, our rear and centre forming as they arrived up; the Culloden took her station a-head, in the line of battle; the Blenheim second, with the Prince George on her lee bow, and Orion on her lee quarter.

"At thirty-five minutes past eleven, the signal was made to engage: the Culloden began a hot and well directed fire, which was immediately returned from the enemy's van and centre, and which brought on a general action as the fleets passed on different tacks."

420. *Admiral Sir John Jervis's Fleet taking possession of the Spanish Prizes.*
T. Thomson.

THE following relation of this part of the glorious victory of the 14th of February, is extracted from the same Journal as the last article.

"At twenty minutes past four, the signal for the frigates of the fleet to take ships in tow;—at twenty-seven minutes past four, the signal to come to the wind on the starboard tack;—at forty-nine minutes past four, wore.

"At fifty-minutes past four, the firing ceased on both sides—the enemy's ships veering and securing their disabled ships.—The four-decker, who apparently had struck her colours, getting away under her fore-sail, part of her main-sail, fore-top-sail, with the sheets cut away; and yard down, and mizen-top-sail, the yard down, the sheets cut away.

"At eleven minutes past five, signal to form the line in close order—Frigates securing the prizes, and taking them in tow. The enemy, at sun-set, on the larboard tack, standing to the Northward, under all sail—the wind S. W. by W."

429. *The Earl of Warwick's Vow previous to the Battle of Tooton.* H. Fregham, A.

THE relation of this singular event, in the life of the great Earl of Warwick, which follows, is to be found in Hume's History of England, and is a strong proof of the fierce character of that war-like noble.

"The licence in which Queen Margaret had been obliged to indulge her troops, infused great terror and aversion into the city of London, and all the southern parts of the kingdom; and as she there expected an obstinate resistance, she had prudently retired northwards among her own partizans. The same licence, joined to the zeal of faction, soon brought great multitudes to her standard; and she was able, in a few days, to assemble an army, sixty thousand strong, in Yorkshire. The King and the Earl of Warwick hastened with an army of forty thousand men to check her progress; and when they reached Pomfret, they dispatched a body of troops, under the command of Lord Fitzwalter, to secure the passage of Ferrybridge over the river Ayre, which lay between them and the enemy. Fitzwalter took possession of the post assigned him, but was not able to maintain it against Lord Clifford, who attacked him with superior numbers. The Yorkists were chased back with great slaughter, and Lord Fitzwalter himself was slain in the action. *The Earl of Warwick dreading the consequences of this disaster, at a time when a decisive action was every hour expected, immediately ordered his horse to be brought him, which he stabbed before the whole army, and kissing the hilt of his sword, swore that he was determined to share the fate of the meanest soldier.* And, to shew the greater security, a proclamation was at the same time issued, giving to every one full liberty to retire; but menacing the severest punishment to those who should discover any symptoms of cowardice in the ensuing battle. Lord Falconberg was sent to recover the post which had been lost: he passed the river some miles above Ferrybridge, and falling unexpectedly on Lord Clifford, revenged the former disaster by the defeat of the party and the death of their leader."

507. *Jubal, the first voice of the Lyre, from Dryden.* R. Westall, R. A.

IN the very arduous attempt of a drawing from one of the sublimest Odes in our language Mr. Westall has been highly successful. The passage is in the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

*What passion cannot music raise and quell !
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,
 His list'ning brethren stood around,
 And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well."*

534. *Church-Yard, from Gray's Elegy.* G. Arnald.

THERE is a repose and stillness in this Picture, admirably adapted to the subject. The immediate passage in the Elegy from which it is taken is well chosen :

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

* * * * *

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow thro' the church way-path we saw him borne :
*Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 Graw'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."*

551. *Æneas stood confessed, First Book of the Æneis of Virg.* Mrs. A. Noel.

ÆNEAS having been conducted by Venus in a cloud into the city of Carthage, discovers his companions who had escaped from the storm, imploring the protection of Dido. The cloud at length dispersing, he stands before them.

" Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
 The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
*The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
 August in visage, and serenely bright.*
 His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
 And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face ;
 Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
 Or Parian marble when enchas'd in gold :
 Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke :

" *He whom you seek am I: by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.*"

552. *Death of David Rizzio.* Drummond.

THE death of David Rizzio is an event well known to all acquainted with the history of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; but as the particular circumstance may, by many of the visitors be forgotten, we extract the following relation from Hume:

" This design, (the murder of Rizzio) so atrocious in itself, was rendered still more so by the circumstances which attended its execution. Mary, who was in the sixth month of her pregnancy, was supping in private, and had at table the countess of Argyle, her natural sister, with Rizzio, and others of her servants. The king entered the room by a private passage, and stood at the back of Mary's chair: Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and other conspirators, being all armed, rushed in after him; and the queen of Scots, terrified with the appearance, demanded of them the reason of this rude intrusion. They told her, that they intended no violence against her person; but meant only to bring that villain, pointing at Rizzio, to his deserved punishment. Rizzio, aware of the danger, ran behind his mistress, and seizing her by the waist, called aloud to her for protection; while she interposed in his behalf, with cries, menaces, and entreaties. The impatient assassins, regardless of her efforts, rushed upon their prey, and by overturning every thing, which stood in their way, increased the horror and confusion of the scene. Douglas, seizing Henry's dagger, stuck it in the body of Rizzio, who, screaming with fear and agony, was torn from Mary by the other conspirators, and pushed into the antichamber, where he was dispatched with fifty-six wounds. The unhappy princess, informed of his fate, immediately dried her tears, and said, She would weep no more, she would now think of revenge. The insult, indeed, upon her person; the stain attempted to be fixed on her honour; the danger to which her life was exposed, on account of her pregnancy; were injuries so atrocious, and so complicated, that they scarcely left room for pardon, even from the greatest lenity and mercy."

595. *A Composition for the History of England.* M. Brown.

AN Historical Composition painted for his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, being one of a series of paintings for Arundel Castle, commemorative of the Howard family, to be placed in the new gallery. These pictures are executing upon a scale nearly as large as life.

The present picture represents the most honourable event recorded in history of the Howard family, the ancestors of the present Duke of Norfolk. This is an interview between Henry VIII. and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, immediately after he had gained the great battle of Flodden Field, in which the attendants are bringing the trophies and flags taken in that memorable action, with the horse armour belonging to the King of Scotland, who was killed by the Duke. The sword is still preserved, to this day, in the Herald's College. In consequence of his gallantry, Henry VIII. commands the royal arms of Scotland, the rampant lion, which he holds in his hand, to be quartered upon the white bend, in the Duke of Norfolk's shield, or coat of arms. By the side of the throne is Catherine of Aragon, Ladies in waiting, and Heralds with the genealogy of the Howards. In the distance is Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which was finished that year.

PORTRAITS.

PART II.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

COUNCIL ROOM.

- 387 Miss Gulston, *J. Green.*
 394 Lieut. J. B. Orme, 48th Regt. *D. Orme.*
 401 Captain Cave, *G. Chase.*
 407 Miss Jones, *Mrs. S. Jones.*
 410 Miss Daunt, *A. Buck.*
 435 The Miss Berrys, *Mrs. Tonelli.*
 436 Mr. Edward Palmer, *H. Edridge.*
 437 Dutchess of Hamilton, *H. Edridge.*
 439 Colonel St. Paul, *J. Russel, R. A.*
 440 Signora Storace, *J. Hutchisson.*
 441 Mr. Rousselet, *C. Smith.*
 442 Mrs. Egerton, of Tatton, in Cheshire, *Humphry, R. A.*
 445 Counsellor White, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, Dr. Downman, of Exeter, Mr. Jerret, Miss and Master Bulteel, Miss Ellis, Miss Hill and Mrs. Abbot, *J. Downman.*
 446 Lord Macdonald, *J. Russel, R. A.*
 447 Dr. Heath, the Master of Eton, *J. Hoppner, R. A.*
 449 Sir John Webb, Bart. Father of the Countess of Shaftesbury, *O. Humphrey, R. A.*
 455 Miss Diana Bouverie, *H. Edridge.*
 456 Miss Whitehead, *J. Russell, R. A.*
 462 Lady Broome, late Lady Louisa Gordon, *H. Edridge.*
 463 Hon. Mr. Robinson, *do.*
 469 Mr. Littledale, *W. Beechey, A.*
 470 The Prince of Wales, *T. Beach.*
 471 The Stadtholder, *O. Humphrey, R. A.*
 481 Mr. Palmer, *Mrs. Tonelli.*
 482 The Princess of Orange, *O. Humphrey, R. A.*
 483 Mr. Nugent, *M. Shce.*
 487 Lord Grantham, *H. Edridge.*
 495 Mr. R. Westmoreland, *Mrs. Tonelli.*
 496 Doctor Le Goux, *P. Violet.*
 497 Mr. De Calone, *— Longastre.*
 498 Mrs. Lee, *J. Russell, R. A.*

- 503 Mrs. Bosville, *J. Russell, R. A.*
 506 Lady Barbara Ashley, only issue of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, *O. Humphrey, R. A.*
 512 Mr. C. Plowden, junior, *J. Russell, R. A.*
 516 Mrs. Taylor, *do.*
 521 Marquis of Lansdowne, *H. Edridge.*
 524 The Master of the Ceremonies at Cheltenham, *S. Hewson.*
 527 Mrs. Bell, *G. Chase.*

ANTIQUE ACADEMY.

- 533 Mr. Denham, Mr. Place, of Southampton, Mr. Dibden of St. John's, Oxford, and Mr. Middleton, *R. K. Porter.*
 535 Captain Cooke, *J. J. Masquerier.*
 539 Mr. Heaphy, *T. Heaphy.*
 545 Mr. Crane, of Bow Lane, *J. Phillips.*
 554 Horses of ——— Blackburne, Esq. M. P. *J. N. Sartorius.*
 555 Doctor Coxe, *G. Smith.*
 568 Mr. De Bruyn, *H. De Bruyn.*
 569 Rev. Dr. Penny, *S. Woodforde.*
 576 The Children of Mr. Robert Burnell, of Putney, *B. Burnell.*
 578 Miss. Porters,—Cornet Fitzgerald, 3d Dragoons,—Julia, from a Poem by Miss A. M. Porter and Mr. Winter, *R. H. Porter.*
 600 Maser George John Danvers Butler Danvers, *C. Wilkin.*
 603 Mr. Edgerton, and the daughter of Sir C. B. Rous, *B. Pym.*
 611 Captain Caulfield, Lieutenant Lehrbach, a German officer, Miss Cavendish, and Captain Roberts, 1st Life Guards, *R. K. Porter.*
 616 Capt. Trollope, of the Glatton, *T. Braine.*
 617 Sons of Commissioner Hartwell, *do.*
 620 Sir Charles Grey, *J. Collyer, A.*

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|---|----------------------|---|------------------------|
| 30 Dr. Heron, | <i>N. Freese.</i> | 866 Rev. Dr. Whitfield, | <i>G. F. Joseph.</i> |
| 648 The two Miss Ormes, | <i>D. Orme.</i> | 867 Hon. Keppel Craven, | <i>G. Place.</i> |
| 662 Lord Malmesbury, Sir Hugh Palliser, Hon ^{rs} | | 869 Mr. Duppa, | <i>Miss M. Byrne.</i> |
| Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. Clementi, Miss Pear- | | 870 Mr. Valet, | <i>G. Place.</i> |
| son, Master Orme, Master Ferrers, Mr. | | 871 Miss Francotte, | <i>Miss M. Byrne.</i> |
| Chandler, Mr. Wells, and Mrs. J. Orme, | | 872 Miss Dapp, | <i>Miss M. Peat.</i> |
| Rev. Mr. Forster, Lady Gott, | <i>D. Orme.</i> | 873 Miss M. Attwood, Mrs. Baker, Mr. Brome, | |
| 663 Mr. Craig, senior, | <i>W. M. Craig.</i> | Mr. Hounsom, Mr. Lambe, and Mr. G. | |
| 673 Mrs. Goold, sister and family, | <i>A. Buck.</i> | Hounsom, | <i>G. Hounsom.</i> |
| 683 Mr. Evans, | <i>W. Evans.</i> | 875 Mr. Webster, | <i>G. F. Joseph.</i> |
| 684 Miss Pyne, | <i>J. Green.</i> | 876 Mr. Ashley and Son, and Mrs. Birch, | |
| 707 Mr. Burghall, | <i>A. J. Oliver.</i> | | <i>C. Borchhardt.</i> |
| 719 The Bishop of Peterborough, painted for | | 877 Mr. Thompson, of Newport Street, | |
| his Lordship's Brother, the Marquis Corn- | | | <i>Miss Singleton.</i> |
| wallis, | <i>M. Brown.</i> | 879 Miss E. Byrne, | <i>Miss M. Byrne.</i> |
| 731 Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, | <i>Drummond.</i> | 880 Master Gowsling, | <i>W. Court.</i> |

LIBRARY.

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|---|-----------------------|--|------------------------|
| 739 Portrait of himself, | <i>J. B. Cuming.</i> | 885 The present Pope, Pius VI. | <i>N. Marchant, A.</i> |
| 741 Major Maxwell, | <i>D. Orme.</i> | 886 Mr. C. Kemble, the comedian. | <i>J. T. Barber.</i> |
| 745 Rev. Mr. Antrobus, Chaplain to the Bishop | | 887 The Princess of Wales, | <i>Hincks.</i> |
| of London, | <i>T. Clarke.</i> | 888 Mrs. Makepeace, | <i>G. F. Joseph.</i> |
| 749 Mr. Reeve, Miss Reeve, Mr. W. Stow Lun- | | 891 Mr. Cruickshanks, the Surgeon, | <i>J. Roberts.</i> |
| die, Mrs. Hurford, Mrs. Bressingham, | | 892 Mrs. Gould, her sister, and family, | <i>H. Buck.</i> |
| Mr. F. W. Collard, Mrs. Byrne, Mr. | | 895 Mr. Buffon, [Mr. R. Hills, Mrs. Brodley, | |
| Jones and Miss Jones, | <i>Mrs. S. Jones.</i> | Rev. J. Bearblock, and Miss Hall, | |
| 755 Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson and daughter, | <i>D. Orme.</i> | | <i>J. Wright.</i> |
| 772 Mr. Braham, | <i>J. Hutchisson.</i> | 896 His Majesty, | <i>P. Jean.</i> |
| 774 Madam Mara, | <i>do.</i> | 897 The Prince of Wales, | <i>R. Bull.</i> |
| 778 Lord Ossory, | <i>H. Edridge.</i> | 898 Miss Fox, | <i>Miss M. Byrne.</i> |
| 786 Mr. Salomon, the violin performer. | <i>do.</i> | 899 Mrs. Brown and child, | <i>J. Barry.</i> |
| 792 Lord Malmesbury, | <i>H. Edridge.</i> | 900 Mr. Horsford, | <i>J. Barry.</i> |
| 793 Mrs. Braine, | <i>T. Braine.</i> | 901 Mrs. Smith and Son, | <i>A. Buck.</i> |
| 810 The old Cryer of Sheerness, | <i>do.</i> | 902 A child of Captain Vane, | <i>J. Barry.</i> |
| 812 His Majesty, | <i>T. Stewart.</i> | 903 Mr. Sherwin, | <i>J. Barry.</i> |

MINIATURES.

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|---|-----------------------------|---|-----------------------|
| 848 Mr. Flaxman, senior, | <i>J. Dell.</i> | 906 Mrs. Gollive, | <i>G. Place.</i> |
| 849 Mrs. Taylor, | <i>N. Freese.</i> | 907 Mr. Allen, | <i>do.</i> |
| 853 The Interpreter to the Turkish Embassy, | | 911 William Say, Esq. | <i>E. Miles.</i> |
| | <i>G. Place.</i> | 912 Mrs. Young, Miss Clarke, Mr. Smith, and | |
| 856 Mr. De Jousserant, | <i>F. A. De Jousserant.</i> | Mr. Darvall, | <i>John Smart.</i> |
| 857 Mr. Walker, the Philosopher, | <i>M. Barrett.</i> | 913 Mrs. Baron, Mr. Arnold, Rev. Mr. Lukin, | |
| 859 Mr. Walker, Author of the Pronouncing | | Hon. Captain Spencer's two children, Mr. | |
| Dictionary, &c. | <i>J. Barry.</i> | Guise, Miss Wheeler, and Mr. Coates, | |
| 860 Mr. Bannister, junior, | <i>W. Court.</i> | | <i>Mrs. Baron.</i> |
| 864 Mrs. Ashby, | <i>C. Borchhardt.</i> | 915 Mrs. Sawrey, | <i>Miss M. Byrne.</i> |
| 865 The late Nabob of Arcot, | <i>Smart.</i> | | |

- 920 Mr. Barker, of his Majesty's Yeomanry Guards, *B. Pym.*
- 927 Mrs. Siddons, *G. F. Joseph.*
- 928 Mr. G. Berrac, the Artist, *G. Berrac.*
- 931 Major de Medico, *G. Place.*
- 932 Mrs. Sinnott, *R. Bull.*
- 933 The late Dr. Harris, the civilian, *F. Allison.*
- 934 Mr. Weekes, *G. Smith.*
- 937 Mrs. Noel, the Artist, Miss Barrett, of Stockwell, Mr. Twycross. *G. Bailey.*
- 938 Madame De La Bossiere and her Children, *P. Violet.*
- 940 Princess Mary, Lady Rous, Lord Cardigan, and Mr. Graham, *H. Bone.*
- 942 Miss Dawson, *G. Slous.*
- 945 Miss Hill, *— Jousserant.*
- 947 Master Hull, *T. H. Hull.*
- 949 The Miss Yeamans, the young Chanters, and Henry and Emma, *vide Prior,*
J. Hopkins.
- 950 Lord Chancellor, Lieutenant Russell, Madam Mara, Mrs. Fortescue, Mr. Florio, Mr. Haycocks, and Mr. R. Palmer, the Comedian, *J. Hutchisson.*
- 951 Sir Francis Bourgeois, *W. Court.*
- 954 R. Ford, Esq. one of the Magistrates, at Bow-street, *J. Montague.*
- 955 Mr. Newby and Mr. Atkinson, *R. Cooper.*
- 959 Mr. Thomas Goold, and the Mr. Matthisons, *J. Montague.*
- 966 Baron Dulin, *G. Berrac.*
- 972 Mr. Francis, *— Francis.*
- 974 Rev. Mr. Ryves, *G. Smith.*
- 976 Mr. La Rose, Mr. Barnes, &c. *J. Green.*
- 977 Mr. Pennington, Master of the Ceremonies at Clifton, *G. Smith.*
- 979 Miss Violet, *P. Violet.*
- 983 Rev. Dr. Dumaresque, formerly Preceptor to the King of Poland, Rev. Mr. Williams, Lieutenant P. Le Geyt, Miss Guilyats, *T. Le Hardy.*
- 987 Mr. Munden, Miss Keme, Mr. Parry, Mr. Langdon and Nephew, *T. Langdon.*
- 988 General Vernon, Mr. Brookes, Mrs. H. Vernon, Mr. Ridale, Miss Vernon, Mrs. De Bath, Miss Gregory, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Bacon, *P. Paillon.*
- 991 Mr. Robert Way, *J. Montague.*
- 992 Miss Penn, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Craig, Miss Craig, and the old Sweeper of George's Street, Hanover Square. *W. M. Craig.*
- 993 Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Castle Bear-House, Miss Dennison, T. Pope, Esq. and the Rev. E. Harris, *B. Pym.*
- 994 Mr. Joseph Sherwin, Mr. Schabner, Mr. Campbell, 3d Guards, Spouse elect to Miss Wallis, Mr. Barber, and Mrs. Barber, *J. T. Barber.*
- 996 Mr. Johnson, the Banker, *G. Place.*
- 998 Mr. T. Spence, *G. F. Joseph.*
- 1000 Mr. Wishart, *E. Patten.*
- 1001 Mr. W. H. Priestley, *E. Patten.*
- 1003 Mr. Fox, *N. Marchant, A.*
- 1004 Mrs. Seymour Hyde, *H. Edridge.*
- 1005 Master Hay, *Miss Hay.*
- 1006 Miss Willett, *G. Slous.*
- 1007 Portrait of himself, *J. Barry.*
- 1008 Commissioner Hartwell's Sons, Admiral Buckner, Mrs. Stow, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hartwell, Miss Waghorn, Mr. Moody, Capt. Baynton, Major Forbes, *T. Braine.*
- 1011 The Margravine of Anspach, *G. Place.*
- 1013 The Duke of York, *J. Tallent.*
- 1014 Hon. Mrs. Ricketts, *A. Plimer.*
- 1018 Mr. King, Master of the Ceremonies, Lower Rooms, Bath. *J. Barry.*
- 1020 The Elector of Mentz, *Faucigny.*
- 1022 Mr. Hill, Sir C. B. Rous's Sons, Rev. Mr. Mercier, Mr. Chersey, Mr. Gorges, Hon. Miss Lamb, Hon. Miss P. Lamb, and Mr. Barker, *— Ferriere.*
- 1024 Mr. Pearson, Mr. Codrington, Mr. J. Baillie, Mrs. Chambers, Mr. Touse, Mr. Davis, Mr. Meredith, *S. Shelley.*
- 1025 Mrs. Corri, Mr. Cramer, Mr. Angelo, Mr. Place, Mr. Billington, and Mr. Smith, *G. Place.*
- 1026 Miss Blair, Miss Hussey, Mr. Garnier, Mr. Fernandes, Mr. De Lubersac, *De Lubersac.*
- 1028 Rev. Mr. Ahmuty, *G. Slous.*
- 1029 Lieutenant Hughes, *Miss Hay.*
- 1035 Master Wheeler, *T. Arrowsmith.*
- 1036 Charles Brown, Esq. *N. Chantry.*
- 1037 Mrs. R. Norton, *N. Chantre.*

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| 1038 Mr. Fentiman, | T. Arrowsmith. | 1050 Miss M'Dougall, | S. Shelley. |
| 1039 Mr. Moore, Great George-street, | G. Leader. | 1053 Mrs. Bryan and Daughters, | S. Shelley. |
| 1041 Miss Taylor, | W. Court. | 1054 Miss J. H. Jones and Nurse, | Mrs. S. Jones. |
| 1043 The Duke of Clarence, | R. Bowyer. | | |
| 1045 Mr. Westall, | T. Braine. | | |
| 1048 Mr. Wilson, Merchant, Aldermanbury, | G. Leader. | | |
| 1049 Major General Hartley, | S. Shelley. | | |

MODEL ACADEMY.

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|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1129 The late Sir William Chambers, | R. Westmacott, jun. |
| 1185 Mr. Wyatt, the Architect, | G. Rossi. |

[Entered at Stationers'-Hall.]

